# Antigone

# The Milestone

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# The Milestone

1930

DUMMER ACADEMY
1763

# The Milestone

PUBLISHED BY THE

## Senior Class of Dummer Academy

THE MILESTONE BOARD

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SOUTH BYFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

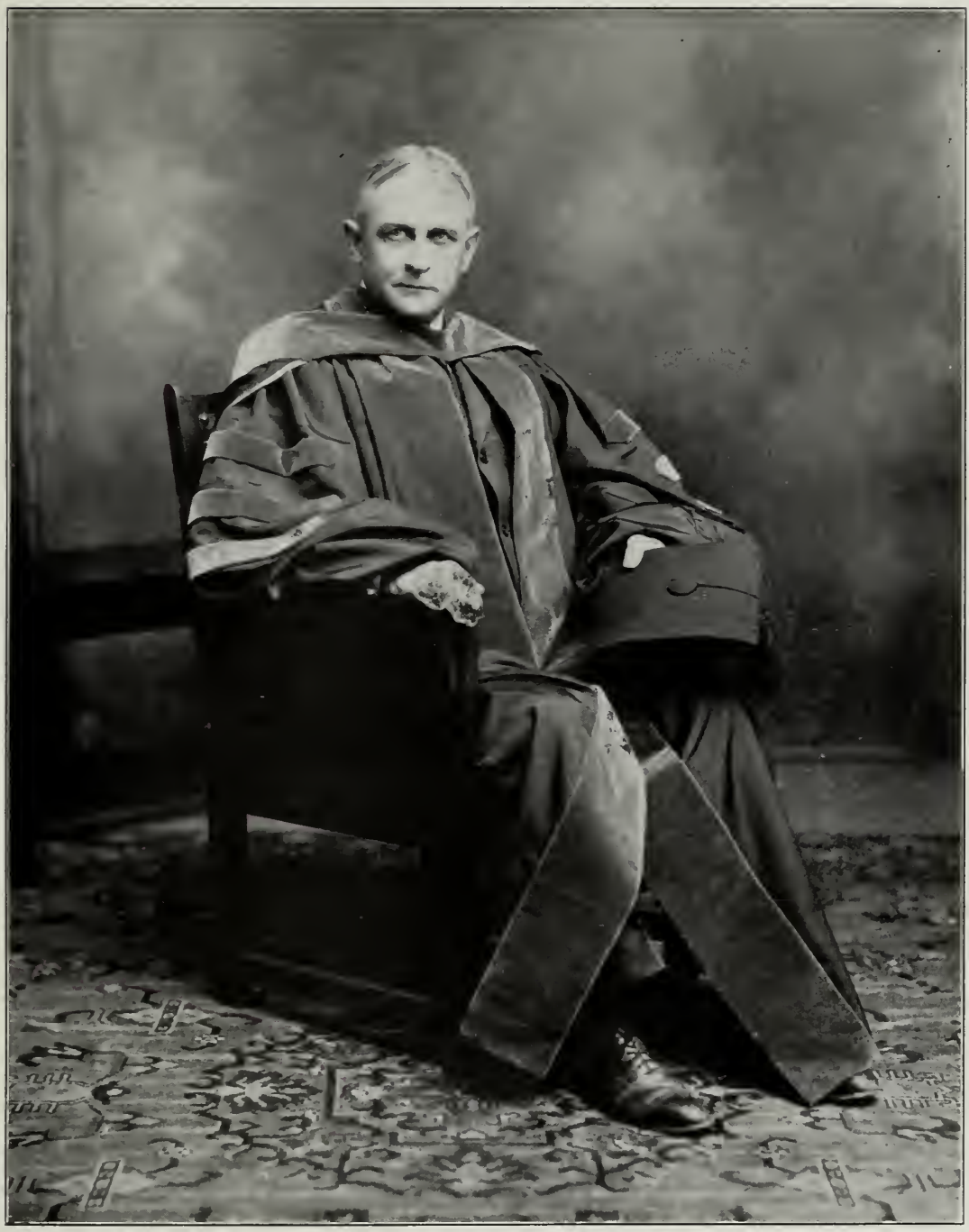
June, 1930

*DEDICATION*

*To Doctor and Mrs. Ingham from whose hopes and dreams, from whose endless patience and untiring efforts, this school has risen; from whom many hundreds of boys have received treasures immeasureable; with whom a veritable host have trod paths to which they must ever turn for happiness; by whom lonely hearts beyond number have been cheered and strengthened beyond knowledge; to whom the abiding love of a great throng goes out, to be with them both throughout the years, . . .*

*The Class of 1930 Dedicate This Book*

*As Their Farewell*



CHARLES SAMUEL INGHAM, Headmaster
B. A., Yale, 1891
Ph. D., Yale, 1896
Latin

MRS. CHARLES SAMUEL INGHAM

WALTER JOHN FARRELL

Assistant to the Headmaster
A.B., Boston University, 1904
Mathematics
Latin
Coach of Hockey
Athletic Director
Faculty Advisor for the Archon

## APPRECIATION

Mr. Phillip B. Skerrye

Mr. Floyd E. Jarvis

Rev. Glenn Tilley Morse

Miss Helen Noyes

Katherine Brush

Slayton Underhill

Charles Chase

Carl Buechner

Edward Hessian

# FACULTY

FLOYD EAST JARVIS

A. B., University of Michigan, 1916

Harvard Graduate School

English

CARL CAMPBELL PETERSON

B. S., Norwich University, 1924

Junior School Instructor

Junior Baseball Coach

PHILLIP BALDWIN SKERRYE

Harvard, 1920

History

Commercial English

Junior Latin

Coach of Golf

FRANCIS JOSEPH REAGAN

Bates, 1914

Lowell Normal School

Registrar

Assistant Treasurer

Commercial Subjects

Coach of Junior Basketball and Football

Coach of Varsity Baseball and Basketball

CHESTER FLINT PROTHERO

B.B.A., Boston University, 1921

Harvard Graduate School

Mathematics

Science

Spanish

Mechanical Drawing

Coach of Tennis

OSBORN PREBLE NASH, 2nd

A.B., Harvard, 1928

French

Latin

# Classes

# SENIORS

GRAY WILDER ADAMS

Newbury

*"True eloquence consists of saying all that is proper and nothing more"*—White

Classical Course
Entered School in 1927
Third Prize Ambrose Speaking Contest, '28

## Gray

In every class there is one who, sure of his destiny, goes on his appointed way quietly, surely, untouched by the doubts of ordinary men. Gray is one of those. He comes to his classes in the morning, recites quietly and thoroughly, listens attentively to the words of his instructors, and departs with his allotment of books for the next day's work.

Gray brings with him an air of refinement, of culture, of quiet scholarship, which arouses the respect of his classmates and is an inspiration to his teachers. We think he will not be found in the turmoil and strife of the workaday business world. He will rather seek to live his life in an atmosphere of quiet beauty, of peace and contentment, among people whom he knows and understands. And he will gather about him friends who, like himself, ask nothing more of life than that they be allowed to live it beautifully.

We wonder if this is not Gray's creed: "So live that each day shall be an adventure; that each morning shall bring a sense of expectancy, of hope, of faith; that each night you may have the happiness of achievement, the joy of friendships strengthened.

"Let no day pass without giving your heart and mind and soul an experience worthy of them. Take time to lift your eyes to the hills. Listen to the songs of birds. Look for the evening star. Strengthen your faith, enlarge your hopes, glorify your dreams."

We have an abiding respect for Gray. And we wish him the happiness and contentment which he deserves.

EDWARDO RAYMO ALMEYDA

Havana, Cuba

*"The very hairs of your head are all numbered"*—New Testament

Entered School in 1927
Business Course
Assistant Business Manager of the Archon, '30

"Ed" - "Al"

Al is the last of a long line of Cuban ambassadors, to Dummer Academy. And he is in every sense an ambassador. In him are combined a charm of manner, an unfailing courtesy, a gentleness of speech that have made a deep and lasting impression upon those who have known him. We hope that he will send others to fill his place, to bring to us news of him, to send to him our hopes and best wishes.

Under Al's influence the commercial department has assumed a new dignity, an air of eclat. He has led the class through the No Man's Land of shorthand, the Argonne of book-keeping, the entanglements of Arithmetic. He has bolstered the faltering courage of his classmates with his humor. He has brought his men each day from the rest camps in Newburyport to the front at Dummer month after month without a casualty. To Mr. Reagan, Chief of Staff of the Intelligence Bureau, Al has been a tower of strength in all crises. And crises are frequent with temperamental typewriters and figures running amuck in the book-keeping room.

We feel sure that a fair Senorita awaits Al in Cuba. She has waited long—but Al is vastly worth waiting for. He will take with him our faith in his destiny and our heartfelt wishes for his success.

"I tell you, boy, she ees a beaut!"

KENNETH CLEVELAND BELL

Waban

*"Long stay makes good acquaintance"*
—Anon.

Business Course
Entered School in '23
Preparing for Boston University
Business Manager of the Archon, '29, '30
Assistant Business Manager of the Milestone, '30
Basketball, '27, '28, '29, '30
Baseball, '29, '30
Football, '29
Sportsmanship Brotherhood, '30
Milestone Dance Committee, '30

"Casey" - "Ken"

Casey is the class patriach. He knows everyone who has ever gone to Dummer since Master Moody was the guiding light. Ken will tell anyone that the first eight years are the hardest.

Casey and Robby have roomed together for three years. We think that the only reason must be that they each know too much about the other and dare not be separated. Ken has talked so much in his sleep about Denmark, and Robby has talked so much both asleep and awake that neither dares allow the other out of sight. We don't blame either of them. Our own transgressions are still too much with us.

In his earlier years at Dummer Casey went in very violently for all sports—and was brilliant in all of them. Of late years we have noticed with sorrow that Ken is slowing up a bit. Still he plays football, basketball, and baseball—and if he is a bit slower, he is wise with the experience of his years. But when he got socked with a high fly—and when he took up typewriting, then we knew that the years had taken their toll. The spirit was there—and is still. But the legs and eyes are failing him.

Ken has taken part in every organization at Dummer at one time or another. He has done everything but play a sax. His innate sense of the fitness of things forbade that.

Dummer will always owe Casey a lot for his years of wise leadership. He has guided the old and the new along difficult paths. And Casey will always have for the Class of 1930 a very special affection—for the Class of 1930 took him to themselves and was the class which finally graduated him.

"All right I'll tell the boys."

GEORGE EDGAR BEST

Andover

*"My life's one demd horrid grind"*—Dickens

General Course
Entered School in '25
Basketball, '29, '30
Captain ,'30
Golf, '28, '29, '30
Captain, '29, '30
Hockey, '29, '30
Baseball, '30

## "Eddie"

Eddie is the perfect gentleman—always well dressed, always courteous, quiet, and a thoroughly fine sportsman.

Eddie has been the best shot on the basketball team for two or more years, has played a sterling game of hockey, pitched for the baseball team, and has been Captain of the golf team for the past two seasons. We are looking forward to the time when Bun and Eddie will be the leading golfers in the country—and will kindly give us their autographs. . . .

Eddie's two outstanding claims to fame are his famous back-fire—when he nearly burned up the entire countryside after the whole school had just succeeded in getting a brush fire under control; and the crushing defeat which he and his father handed Mr. Reagan and Kenny Bell at bowling. Kenny has never been the same since—and neither Ken or Mr. Reagan have asked for a return match.

Eddie's chief weakness is a lack of faith in his own abilities. He persistently refuses to recognize his capacity for doing something which he can do very well. But we confess that this modesty is exceedingly refreshing after the display of swaggering which certain of our compatriots exhibit on every possible occasion.

If Eddie will acquire a greater faith in himself, we all believe that he will attain to the success which he deserves. We do know that wherever he goes he will be welcome, that in whatever game he is engaged he will be a fine sportsman, and that he will take with him our sincere wishes for his success and happiness.

JOHN MARTIN CAPRON

Annapolis, Maryland

*"I never knew so young a body with so old a head"*—Shakespeare

Classical Course
Entered School in '26
Preparing for Harvard
Moody Kent Prize in History, 1927
Football, 1929
Tennis, 1930
Manager Hockey, '28
Associate Editor of the Archon, 1930
Associate Editor of the Milestone, 1930
Harvard Club Prize, 1929
Newburyport Chapter of Dummer Allies Scholarship, 1929

## John

John is a genius. Aside from being pleasantly alliterative, that remark is essentially true. For proof we have only to point with pride and envy to three facts: (1) John's general appearance; (2) John never studies; (3) John gets astonishingly high marks.

When we say that John never studies, we intend no reflection upon John. Not at all. We simply mean that John never seizes upon a book with a look of grim determination upon his face, opens viciously, clutches paper and pencil, wrinkles his brow, and goes to work. Never! John's method is that of pure, undefiled genius. John drops wearily into his seat. He fumbles in his desk absently for a book. Withdrawing same, John holds it gently between thumb and forefinger and gazes off into space. When pressed for time, John lays the book flat on its back on the desk and manicures thoughtfully. His brain draws information from books just as the sun draws water—and with as little effort. We rise to repeat wtih emphasis and euphony—John is a genius.

It is only with that idea firmly impressed upon one's mind that John can be understood. His general appearance, atmosphere, habits are all the result of that astonishing mental activity. His brain cannot help absorbing knowledge! If then he forgets to comb his hair, or tie his tie, or arrive on time, it is because his brain has so for oustripped his physical possibilities that he just gives up.

John is going to Harvard. Obviously that is where he should go. That is where the atmosphere is most heavily saturated with learning. John needs only to stroll about from building to building, give his brain utter freedoom and let nature take its course.

"But I couldn't have made the Honor Roll this week."

RICHARD HOSMER

Sharon

*"None but fools and knaves lay wagers"*
—Anon.

Classical Course
Entered School in '26
Preparing for West Point
Treasurer of Class of 1930, '28
Vice-President of Class of 1930, '29, '30
Tennis Team, '27, '28, '29, '30
Captain, '29, '30
Hockey Team, '28, '29, '30
Captain, '29, '30
Baseball Team, '28, '29, '30
Football Team, '29
Editor-in-Chief, The Archon, '30
Editor-in-Chief, The Milestone, '30
Sportsmanship Brotherhood, '30
Junior Prom Committee, '29
Morse Prize, Tennis, singles, '29
Milestone Dance Committee, '30

"Dick"

All that Dick is doing now is grieving silently over the debacle of the Boston Bruins; getting up pools on the American League with Mr. Reagan, Mr. Jarvis. and Mr. Nash; running the Archon and the Milestone; boosting his own batting average on the baseball team; being captain of the tennis team; preparing for six or eight College Boards; and taking care of Mr. Nash through all manner of crises.

Dick speaks of West Point. But we feel that he could not leave behind him the Braves and Red Sox, the Bruins, Sharon, the Cape, Chestnut Hill, Jack Sharkey, Gus Sonnenburg, and points south east. If he goes to West Point, he goes as good-will ambassador from New England, and especially Boston. There is no one so capable of expanding upon the glories of all things New England—especially its beautiful girls.

Wherever he goes, we know that Dick will be editor of all the college publications; play on all the teams; take all the courses; bet on every competition; and be voted the best natured, best looking, best sportsman, and worst guesser in the college.

We want him to know that we love him. For when he owns some baseball teams, manages the Boston Garden, is editor of the Herald and the American, directs a railroad or two, captains international sport teams, and belongs to all the Clubs we'd like to get into and can't—he'll be a wonderful friend to have.

Best of luck, Dick!

"I'll give you five to three. . . ."

WILLARD SHEPARD MARTIN

Manchester, N. H.

*"A smile that lights the whole round world"*—Shelly

Entered School in 1929
Classical Course
Preparing for University of Pennsylvania
Football, '29
Baseball, '30
Sportsmanship Brotherhood, '30

## "Wee Willie"

Wee Willie is the class giant—both physically and scholastically. He has achieved a height of six feet four inches; and the honor roll every week this year. Both achievements are unparalleled in the history of Dummer Academy.

Willie ambles about in his ponderous way from place to place, unhurried, always smiling, bent merely on achieving more nineties as quietly as possible. He heaves his bulk from room to room, happiest when he is on his way to the Chem Lab.—but happy anyway. Despite being the Commons proctor, his good humor has lasted admirably in the face of obvious difficulties.

Together with Hessian and Capron, Willie has made history (and Hydrogen Sulphide) in the Chem. Lab. These three have done things which, with proper publicity, would have made them famous. But we gather that they shun publicity—which is probably wise.

Willie had for some time the reputation of being immune to the wiles of the gentler sex. But there is about a story, a rumor, a mention of Willie and a rumble seat. . . . . We have yet to learn what manner of car it is into the rumble seat of which Willie could stow his Gargantuan frame. And if he were finally collapsed into a rumble seat, where *could* the girl be?

The eyes of many at Penn State will brighten when they observe Wee Willie rolling into the Campus. We know that he will achieve there the success that we wish for him. And if he achieves the success of which he is capable, we shall be very proud of him.

"Come on! Get your lights out, will ya?"

STUART ARNOLD McKENZIE

Wakefield

*"Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young"*—Dr. Johnson

Entered School in 1925
Classical Course
Preparing for Yale
Junior Prom Committee, '29
Hockey, '28, '29, '30
Baseball, '28, '29, '30
Football, '28
Basketball, '30
Golf, '28, '29, '30

"Mac"

If silence is golden, here is the poorest man in the country. Were his stature in proportion to his noise, he would be a giant indeed.

Mac is small. Mac is tiny. Mac is practically infinitesimal. Yet he has the heart of a lion and voice of a bull. Added to these qualities is a capacity for acting so great that Mac no longer knows which is his real self. His imagination is so vivid that he must exert himself constantly to keep pace with it—and yet he never seems to be weary of chasing it around and around. He imagines himself into a perfect state of love with the greatest ease—for a week; he imagines desperate ailments whenever he wants a week-end and nearly dies before he reaches the doctor(?); he imagines nineties in history with complete equanimity. He is the perfect example of the triumph of hope over experience.

Despite his lack of brawn, Mac has been one of the mainstays in hockey, basketball, and baseball. In odd moments he plays a very fair game of golf. The only reason he doesn't play tennis as well is that there is only one of him—which is perhaps just as well for Mac. What would he do if there were another of him about?

If Mac succeeds in entering Washington and Lee, the lovely girls of Virginia can look forward to four years of happiness—and "Lover, Come Back to Me" will achieve a popularity unparalleled.

Good luck, Mac! We hope that you will enjoy the years in college as much as you have the years at Dummer. And we shall look to see you achieve even greater renown there.

"Up at Hanover, etc. etc."

MORTON BLACK RAE

West Newton

*"If he really thinks there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, Sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons"*
—Dr. Johnson

Entered School in 1929
Classical Course
Hockey, '30
Baseball, '30
Golf, '30
Circulation Manager of the Milestone, '30

"Mort"

Mort is one of those unfortunate individuals whose intentions are always being misunderstood. Either that, or his intentions are only too well understood. Instinctively people regard him with suspicion. To our shame we must admit that we, too, were similarly affected. When we first saw him, we placed one hand upon our loose change and the other on our watch.

Now such conduct on our part was, of course, a grave injustice. Just because Mort looks the way he does is positively no adequate reason for such treatment. If some of us were judged by our looks, where would we be?

Despite the fact that Mort played bravely and well on the hockey team, leaped about the basketball floor, and is now engaged in playing both baseball and golf (and Mort's victory in the Andover match was the deciding point in our victory); despite his arduous (?) pursuit of History, English, and Spanish—Mort suddenly found himself sent from the sacred confines of the Commons to durance vile in Peirce Hall. Oh, loathsome spot! Life is full of sorrow.

With Bunny, Mort spreads discord and dissension, tumult and chaos, around Brookline, Crow Point, and way stations. We are as yet unable to decide whether Bunny leads Mort astray or vice versa. The only facts in the matter are that they are both astray much of the time—definitely and completely; that they have a natural talent for crises; that they go roaring about in a terrible Lincoln disregarding life and limb; and that they will come to no good end unless they separate.

Despite this forbidding reputation we feel sure that, barring the long arm of the law, they will succeed enormously. Such people always do. And our hopes and prayers will go with them both.

EDWARD FREDERICK ROBINSON, JR.

Needham

*"To bring in—Heaven shield us—a lion among women is a most dreadful thing"*
—Shakespeare

Classical Course
Entered School in 1926
Preparing for Yale
President of Class of 1930, '27, '28, '29, '30
Junior Prom Committee, 1929
Baseball, '28, '29, '30
Captain, '30
Hockey, '29, '30
Sportsmanship Brotherhood, '30

"Fred"

Fred is the beauty of the class. Needless to say he is a terror with the women and they fall at first sight. His gentle ways and his physical charms make him the answer to many a maiden's prayer. Yet it is rumored that Fred is at time rather more than ruthless in his manner of breaking hearts. . . . .

Fred has helped athletics at Dummer in a large way. He has been one of the mainstays on the hockey team for the past two years; was a perfect imitation of Red Grange until he broke a wrist playing at Manchester; and he is now Captain of the baseball team in which sport he is, as pitcher, quite naturally the cynosure of all eyes, the admiration and envy of all his teammates.

Fred's drag with the faculty is something marvelous. His quiet way and air of gentle unsophistication quite undermines the resistance of that august group. Fred has a perfect record in that he has yet to return on time from a week-end. Yet, with a few well chosen words he dispels all doubts and suspicions and is once more taken to the bosoms of the faculty.

Fred is headed for Yale. In those five words are contained the faith of his classmates, the charity of the faculty, and the hopes and dreams of Yale and New Haven.

Good luck, Fred.

"Hey, Mac, have you read this one?"

OTTO REINHARD BURLEIGH
LEONARD THELEN

Lynn

*"The man that blushes is not quite a brute"*—Young

Entered School in 1928
Classical Course
Preparing for Harvard
Business Manager of the Milestone, '30
Football, '29

"Toot"

Give Otto a thought and he will wrestle with it for days in utter contentment. We know of no one who can so reduce a thought to utter, abject terror. When finished with a thought, no one else can ever find any use for it. It is done—completely, irrevocably.

Otto moves among us in silent majesty. The words of fellow students or faculty pass him by unheeded. The bells are not heard. There is no Time—life stretches ahead full of thought that must be seized, masticated in quiet contentment, digested.

In mathematics Otto is happy. There is a field where the thoughts proceed in orderly array, well-behaved, perfectly disciplined. But in English, where thoughts run rampant in confused hordes, Otto is lost. No sooner does he select one lovely thought than a hundred others assail him, pour over and around him, leave him completely bewildered. And by the time he has seized one of them firmly and dealt with it after his own fashion, the others are lost forever.

It may be that Otto thinks too much. But this world has need of thinkers. And Otto has tried very hard to adjust himself to this life. He has tried football and he is now trying baseball. Given time he will succeed at anything he undertakes. His is a persistence that knows no defeat. His courage is limitless, his tenacity without end.

Otto is headed for Harvard. Having fixed his eyes upon Harvard Otto will, in the course of time, arrive at Harvard. The only way that Harvard could foil him would be to disappear over night. Otto will like Harvard, and Harvard will like Otto. We are sure that he will succeed in his chosen field—and we wish him great success and great happiness.

"I'll work on that theme all the afternoon, Mr. Jarvis."

MALCOMB SWAIN WALKER

Waban

*"Go fetch to me a pint o' wine*
*And fill it in a silver tassie"*—Burns

Classical Course
Entered School in '25
Preparing for Bowdoin
Moody Kent Prize in Classics, '27
Moody Kent Prize in English, '28
General Excellency in Junior School, '26
Vice-President of Class of 1930, '27, '28
Treasurer of Class of 1930, '29, '30
Baseball, '28, '29 '30
Basketball, '29, '30
Football, '29
Junior Prom Committee, '29
Sportsmanship Brotherhood, '30
Associate Edtor of the Milestone, '30

"Stal"

Stal is the kind of a man about whom legends grow—and persist. And no sooner do they acquire the ivy of authentic age then new are born to render happy the hearts of men.

It is difficult, nay, impossible, to separate the true from the false. For there is so much of truth in the wildest of them, and so little of falsehood in the mildest, that one may merely hear with wonder and gaze with awe.

It may well be that the perfervidness of Stal's imagination, plus the fluidity of his speech are responsible for his present reputations. Those of us who were in Latin III in the year '28-'29 remember—nor can we forget—the emotions which surged through us as Stal shamed Cicero with Cicero's orations. Nor will Mr. Jarvis ever fail to expand with pride when he recalls the effusions perpetrated by that elastic brain.

Quite incidentally, Stal has sauntered down football fields, ambled after soaring flies, casually outjumped opponents in basketball. But these activities, valuable as they were to the school, and great as our pride in them, were but trivialities in Stal's life. His mind was always elsewhere—soaring to new heights.

We shall lament his departure. But we shall follow his meteoric progress to the heights of fame with bated breath certain that the world will soon discover the new star in the firmament of great men.

"——and the crowning point of his brilliant career was,—etc., etc."

ROBERT WRIGHT WILSON

Brookline

*"The power to make men laugh is God's gift to man."*—Swift

Entered School in 1925
Classical Course
Treasurer's Cup, Golf, '28, '29
Morse Tennis Prize, Doubles, '26
Dalton Hamor Prize, Baseball, '27
Baseball, '26, '27, '30
Hockey, '26, '30
Basketball, '27, '30
Golf, '26, '27, '30

"Bunny"

Three years ago Bun left us. The reason has always been obscure. From time to time rumors drifted back to Dummer about him. Wild stories were circulated—he had graduated from this school, or was going to from that school. It seemed as though every school in and around Boston was fighting for the privilege of graduating Bun. But they couldn't do it. Not one of them.

And then Bun appeared among us again. Not silently as a ghost of the past. Not at all. With tumult and shouting, with uproar and confusion, chaos and carnage, Bunny landed in our midst.

Bun is still here. Nor has the tumult died down. Bun leaps from trouble to trouble. He jumps into the maze of chemistry; emerges to fall into the morass of history; crawls out to be hit by the intricacies of Spanish. But undaunted, untouched, he fights on.

Bun has battled on the hockey team, charged big and little opponents in basketball, and is now leading both baseball and golf teams to victories. Golf is Bun's star. It will lead him to fame—unless he goes on breaking all his clubs.

We shall miss Bun. The peace and quiet will seem unnatural. Once more the crickets will emerge to sing their lazy song; the birds will return to to their favorite haunts again to make music; and pupils and masters may go about their tasks in safety. But the class of 1930 will miss him—and missing him will console themselves with having achieved what no other school could do—graduate him.

"Quick! Somebody rattle the keys."

## CLASS PROPHECY

PROFESSOR Otto R. B. L. Thelen, eminent psychiatrist and memory expert at Harvard University, was aroused from a reverie by the incessant ringing of the telephone. Eventually he gathered the need for action upon his part and placed the receiver against his left ear (which, being closer to the objective lobe of the brain was more efficient for this purpose).

"Professor Thelen, this is Mr. Eames at Dummer Academy. I was greatly interested to hear of your proposed expedition to the Gobi desert to make mental tests of the inhabitants. Could you organize this as a Dummer expedition—and especially of the class of 1930? If you could, such an expedition would be of tremendous benefit to the school."

"That is an extraordinarily fine idea, Mr. Eames. I should enjoy that thoroughly. I know where some of the boys are, and I am sure I can find the others. You manage the publicity—and we'll make this a Dummer expedition managed entirely by the class of 1930."

"Splendid, Professor Thelen. I shall get busy right away at this end. Do let me know everything of interest that develops."

Professor Thelen put down the telephone and beamed upon the world. Splendid idea. Simply splendid.

The next day Professor Thelen set out to find Richard Hosmer, the famous sport writer for the Boston Herald. He found "Dick" surrounded by the usual number of wild eyed fanatics. After hearty greetings, Otto came to the point at once. At the mention of the Gobi desert Dick threw his arms about Otto's neck.

"That's the best news I've heard in twenty years. Anything new. I'm ready to retire."

"Why is that?" Otto inquired.

"I've just won the pool. It's the first time I've ever won anything."

"Splendid, Dick. By the way, where are the others in our class?"

"Well, Mal Walker is the present Minister to Canada. You should see him. He has a blond mustoche, a cane, and a derby hat. They say he's the best diplomat in the country. The President has been trying to get him to accept the portfolio of Secretary of State—but Mal won't leave Canada."

"I shall go at once to see him, Dick. I'll let you know how things develop." and off Otto stalked beaming upon the world as usual.

Otto set out for Montreal and found Mal just as Dick had described him. At the mention of the Gobi desert Mal shuddered and gazed lovingly at his glass. In his mind appeared the picture of the proverbial camel.

"I'm afraid I'm no camel," Mal expostulated. But I do need a change—and I think I could arrange for sufficient luggage. I was going to resign very shortly anyway."

"Simply splendid, Mal. There will be ample room for your luggage. I will send you all the detail in a month or so. Goodbye, Mal. I'm off to find the others."

On the way back from Montreal Otto's train stopped for some reason just this side of the border. Otto's eyes fell upon an unkempt individual not far from the track. As the latter looked casually at the train Otto leaped from his seat and dashed out to him. There, sure enough, was John Capron—cooking an egg in a tin can on the end of a stick—a knight of the road. John looked casually around at Otto, recognized him, and dropped another egg in the can.

"Hello, Otto, have an egg?" queried John.

"John, I'm delighted to find you. Will you come to the Gobi desert with me and the rest of the class of 1930?"

"Sure, Otto. When do we start," John replied, poking the fire with one ragged shoe.

"In about two months, John. Look me up in Cambridge. I've got to run now Do be sure and come. Goodbye, John," and Otto dashed back to the train leaving John comfortably supported by a convenient tree and contemplating the blue sky.

In New York Otto appeared at "The Club Whoopee" promptly at eight-thirty one evening to interview the two famous proprietors—Stuart McKenzie and Frederick Robinson. He found them surrounded by a score or more beautiful ladies—each wearing a rather harassed look, and each delighted to see him. When Otto broached his proposition they gave one wild shriek and fell upon him.

"Gee, Otto—you're just in time," Mac exclaimed. "If Fred and I don't get away from this burg pretty soon we'll be crazy or in jail or both."

"It's a great idea, Otto," Fred said wearily. "Mac and I are nearly frantic. We can't turn around without getting in some scandal or other. Let's go—and the sooner the better."

"Where can I find Mort Rae and Bunny Wilson?" Otto inquired.

Fred and Mac burst out into uncontrolled laughter. "Haven't you heard, Otto?" they howled. "They are both in jail for life under the new law in Massachusetts. Both arrested four times for getting into smashups. You'll find them in Charlestown prison—playing spec."

Just then a horde of lovely girls bore down upon them. Mac and Fred ran—pursued by the girls. Otto left at once. Such a life for two promising boys!

In the morning Dick Hosmer hailed him as he was about to enter a taxi.

"Hey, Otto. Don't forget our old friend Almeyda. He runs Sloppy Joe's place down in Havana. Better send him a wire."

"I surely will, Dick. I'll do it right away," and Otto dashed away Otto send off this wire: "Class of 1930 going to Gobi desert on scientific expedition in two months. Will you come." In a very few hours the answer came to Otto at his hotel. "Sure stop where is Gobi desert stop meet me here stop wire when stop Edward Almeyda."

When Otto returned to Boston he immediately sought Mayor Kenneth Bell. When Ken heard Otto's proposal, he grasped Otto's hand fervently.

"Otto, you have come in the nick of time. I'm out as Mayor in a month—and my enemies will be on my trail at once. I don't want any of these embarrassing investigations. Let's go. The Gobi desert is the one place I've always wanted to live."

"Simply splendid, Ken. Get all you affairs fixed up. Where can I find Willard Martin—and will you help me get Rae and Wilson out of jail."

Ken took Otto at once to his own car. They sped toward the North Station. There, inthe middle of thousands of cars, stood a giant directing traffic. It was Willard Martin. Ken called him over to the car. Willard came—and then seeing the Mayor and beside him Otto he grinned broadly. Bill was tickled pink at the prospect of a few years away from the cobblestones of Boston. "Sure I'll go. I'm getting flat feet and hump backed directing this bunch of maniacs. I'll be there."

They left Bill bawling out some irate driver and fled to the Charlestown jail. The Mayor gained immediate admission. They followed the warden down a row of cells. The sound of loud laments and very strong English assailed their ears. There before them were Bun and Mort playing "spec"—each accusing the other of cheating and of being among the lowest forms of animal life.

"Hello, Bun. Hello, Mort. How'd you like to go to the Gobi desert," Ken asked them after greetings had been exchanged between the two criminals and Otto.

"How'd you like to go jump in a lake," Mort retorted.

"No, I mean it," Ken insisted. "If we will guarantee to keep you out of the country for five years, we can get you out of here. Otto's organizing an expedition of the class of 1930 to the Gobi desert—and we've all got to go."

Bun's face was a study. "Now, listen here, you piece of cheese," he growled to Ken. "If this is a joke, somebody's going to get my left right on the end of the nose."

"Bun, so help me, we're going in two months," Ken said, "and I'll make all arrangements to get you in charge of Bill Martin. Be good, now—and we'll be back for you later." Ken and Otto left, and before they reached the door they heard the old argument starting again.

Otto left Ken at the station again—and started for Dummer. He went to the golf club for lunch—and while seated on the porch heard a familiar voice replying very meekly, "Yes, ma'm." Upon investigation Otto found Eddie Best confronted by a huge woman of forbidding countenance. She laid down the law vigorously to the chef of Ould Newbury—and Eddie's seven children stood in the doorway and chortled with glee. When Eddie saw Otto he breathed a sigh of relief. He followed Otto out to the porch and listened to the latter's proposition.

"Gee, if I only could," Eddie breathed. "But . . . . you see," and Eddie pointed to the kitchen. Otto nodded sympathetically. He bade Eddie a touching farewell and started back to the old school. Before he reached the bottom of the hill he heard the beat of running feet behind him and turned to see Eddie. "I've decided to come anyway," Eddie panted. "I'll sneak off. I can't live with that woman any longer."

"Splendid, Eddie, simply splendid. You can come with me now," and the two made their way to the ancient academy.

The last of the class to be seen was Gray Adams. Otto found him in his studio in Byfield where he produced all of the music that had made him famous. He listened with keen interest to the plan of studying the people of the Gobi desert.

"I think it would be most delightful, Otto. I believe I could bring back some music that would astonish our people. I have always hoped for an opportunity to study Oriental music. Please give me ample notice so that I can arrange my affairs here."

Otto returned to the Academy in high spirits. Mr. Eames was delighted with Otto's success in securing all the members of the class of 1930. The prospects were very bright for an achievement which would rebound to the glory of Dummer. Otto and Mr. Eames completed the plans for keeping the world in touch with the expedition and departed for Boston, the happiest man in the state.

A month later each member of the class of 1930 received notice that the class would assemble at pier 3 of the United Fruit Line in three weeks. They were informed of the

day and time of sailing and all were requested to be prompt in getting such equipment as they needed from the lists specified.

Three weeks later a notable group stood upon the pier of the United Fruit Line. The Governor of the state was there, and the Mayor of Boston. The Pathe news men were there, and the talkies were there too. And, happiest of them all, were the little rogup of Dummer graduates of the class of 1930. They had met and cheered. They had exchanged gossip and news of the years that had passed—and then cheered some more. The wharf was hidden beneath piles of equipment—and mountains of luggage. Speeches were to be delivered. All was in readiness for the great expedition to start—everything except the ship and Otto.

Mal Walker, fearful of his precious luggage, finally called the office of the steamship company and made inquiries. The officials knew nothing about the expedition or the ship or Otto. They were certain that none of their ships had been chartered. Mal rushed back to his classmates with the fearful news. Dick Hosmer leaped to a telephone and called the good Professor's house.

"The Professor is not here. He is in Labrador on a fishing trip. What? Gobi desert! Never heard of it. No, I know nothing of any plans for his return. He left two weeks ago."

When Dick returned with the news that Otto had forgotten all about the expedition the dignitaries left in dusgust, the news men howled with delight,—but the class of 1930 was silent. One by one the members shook hands and departed. Dick wired Almeyda the sad news. Fred and Mac started for the Pacific coast. Mal went on to Washington. One by one they left, some to return to their work, some to travel far away, some to achieve fame, others. . . . . .

The heavy steel gate swung slowly open. As Bun and Mort were about to reenter those dingy walls a voice spoke up timidly. They turned and saw Eddie running after them.

"Let me come too, will ya?" Eddie pleaded—and together the three plodded slowly to their cells.

VITAPHONING
QUIET PLEASE!
FRED
TRY A "GUZ"
10¢
OTTO
MAC
BUNNY
ADAMS
KEN
TOM WALKER '29

MORT
JOHN
ALMEDA
AND IT'S A STRIKE!! TWO AND THREE ON THE BABE, FOLKS!
PRESS BOX
DICK
EDGAR
HOSPITAL
STAL
MARTIN
TOM WALKER '29

# JUNIOR

S. Underhill '31

## JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Donald Craig ..... President
Samuel Hamilton Eaton ..... Vice-President
Charles Stuart Chase ..... Secretary, Treasurer

## JUNIOR CLASS

Buechner, Carl August, Jr.
Chase, Charles Stuart
Craig, Donald
Craig, Ralph
Davis, George Henry
Davis, William Russell
Dawson, Harold Cleveland
Eaton, Samuel Hamilton
Hessian, John Edward
Robbins, Lincoln Dix, Jr.
Thelen, Reinhart C. W.
Underhill, Slayton

# SOPHOMORE

## SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

Carl Herbert Padover ..... President
William Austin Buechner ..... Vice-President
Winfield Horace Perkins ..... Secretary, Treasurer

## SOPHOMORE CLASS

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Gove, William Pinkham
Kleeb, Cecl Garner
Krippendorf, Ernst P. L.
Merrill, Frank Robert
Padover, Carl Herbert
Perkins, Winfield Horace
Robinson, Russell Stanley
Root, Henry Austin

# FRESHMAN

S. Hodgehill '31

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## FRESHMAN CLASS

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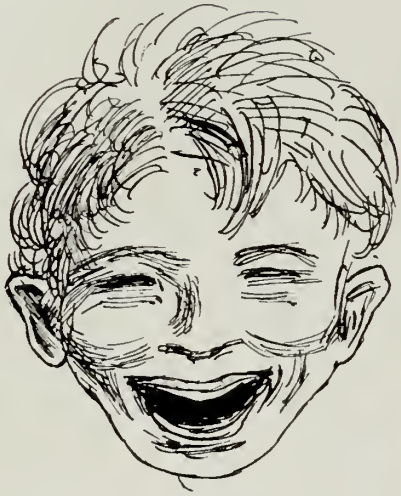
Clapp, George Brooks
Cleveland, Foster Barker
Feldman, Albert
Hessian, James Albert
Huxtable, James Frederick
Kelley, Harvey Augustine
Pillsbury, Penn Parker
Randall, Stephen
Ropes, John Chapin
Russell, Robert Winfield
Whittlesey, John Williams

# JUNIOR SCHOOL



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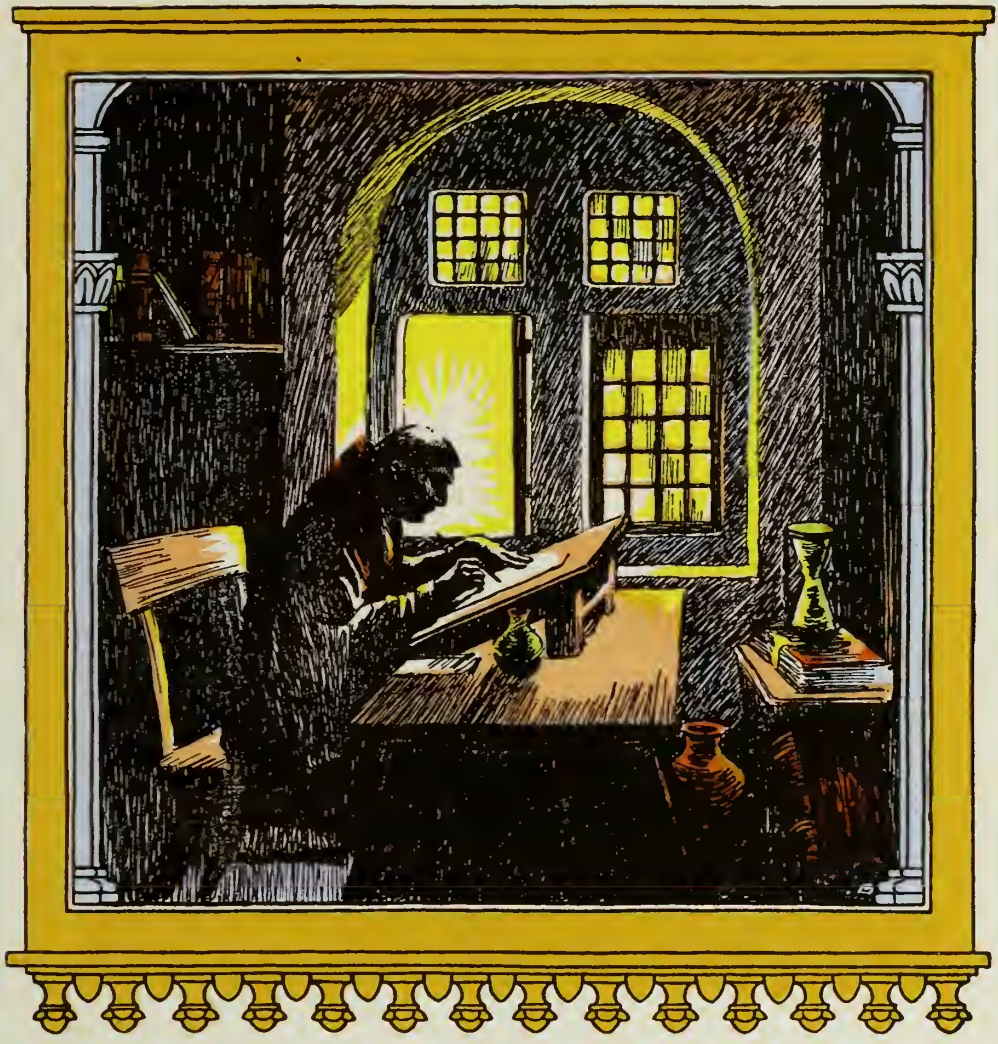
## JUNIOR SCHOOL

Ayers, Lawrence
Baldwin, Herbert Leslie
Barrett, Carl Augustus, Jr.
Covey, Laird Fortune
Dodge, Allan Andrews
Dodge, William Reddie
Dunlop, William McCleary
Emery, Theodore Edgar
Fernandez, Mario
Freeman, Harold Heald, Jr.
Hopkins, Prescott Andrews, Jr.
Lougee, Frank Taylor
Mollica, Robert Dominick
Moody, Sidney Brooks
Nason, James Gordon
Shepard, Edmund Coffin
Smith ,William Donald, Jr.
Sullivan, George Francis

THE MANSION HOUSE

DR. AND MRS. INGHAM

THE PARSONS SCHOOLHOUSE



# Literature

## DARK HORSE

*By Donald Craig*

ENTER the hero! He is none other than the famous Marty Barres, well known yachtsman, whose marriage to Jane Prescott has been featured in the papers for the past day or so.

Now, Gentle Reader, shift your thoughts back about a year to Long Island. Time: any clear, sunny day in Mid-summer. Who is that on the Sound in the sailboat? Why! It is Miss Jane Prescott and Marty Barres. Marty is the tall, good looking, blond boy with the nice, blue eyes and carefree expression. Despite his happy-go-lucky manner, he somehow gives the impression that he is worried about something. That something is red-headed Jane Prescott, a very petite young lady with, nevertheless, plenty of character showing in her face. She is very pretty and full of fun. He has taken her out on the Sound to talk about marriage in general, and one with her in particular. The conversation has taken a different angle, much to Marty's despair. Let us draw nearer.

"Marty Barres! You have a T boat and could win loads of races, but you don't take sailing seriously. You like to capsize and jibe whenever you're in your own boat. The stays and ropes are ready to snap at any moment. The man I marry will have to be a good sailor and at least able to beat Gerald Howe. Other people take care of their boats. Look at Gerald, for example. He always takes good care of his boat."

"Don't mention that sap to me, Jane. I don't give a hoot about him or his boat."

"I will talk about him. You are a better sailor than he is and could win every race, but you won't try. Why don't you stop fooling and get down to business? If I were a boy, I wouldn't let a snob like Gerald beat me in any race."

Marty was silent. He looked cross and stubborn. Jane looked at him for a moment. Then seeing a sail close by that she recognized, a look of resolve hardened her face. With a parting "Take my boat in to the mooring," she dove overboard. Her smooth, tanned skin, partly covered with a brief bathing suit, could be clearly seen beneath the surface. Marty had tried to stop her, for he knew the sailboat belonged to Gerald, but she was overboard and swimming with steady strokes toward his rival before he could grab her. He headed into the wind and watched Jane climb into a large, beautiful Q boat.

"I'll show her," he said to himself. He came about and started for the moor-

ing. In order to catch it he had to shoot into the wind, and as he did so, Gerald passed to the windward and took away all his wind, making Marty jibe.

Gerald Howe was a tall, thick-set fellow with dark hair and small black eyes. He was always dressed well. Although not a favorite of Jane's and of most of the fellows, he was popular with the girls due no doubt to the fact that he was a good dancer and liked to spend money. I hope you do not have a high opinion of Master Gerald for, as you have guessed, he is to be the villain of this little tale.

"Well, Sappo, why don't you learn to sail," said Gerald with a sarcastic laugh.

Marty was furious and catching a glimpse of Jane lying on the forward cabin, heaving with laughter, didn't improve his temper. Making the mooring at last, he furled the sails and rowed ashore in the tender. As he walked along the beach with his head drooping, kicking pieces of driftwood, he wondered that Jane could be cruel enough to jilt him like that.

The afternoon of that fatal morning Marty, discouraged and feeling blue, went down to the Great Neck Yacht Club. He had been a member of this club for four years and knew quite a bit about its association with other clubs. He sat down at a table on the porch facing the Sound. When he looked out on the bay he saw hundreds of sailboats, their white sails gleaming against the sparkling water. Then it dawned upon him that there were to be important races today between the Toby Yacht Club and his own in which the Q classes were to have entries. Gerald would probably win the race. His thoughts were interrupted when George Williams, a chum, sat down at his table.

"Hello, Marty! You look as if you had lost your last relative. What's the matter, old scout?" he said.

"Nothing as bad as that, George, you old buzzard," Marty replied with an attempt to be cheerful. "How is it that you're not in this big event?"

"I'm having a new gaff made for the Nightmare. The old one was too small."

The conversation went on aimlessly for a half hour. Then their attention turned to the boats coming in at the finish. Gerald was first, as usual, and . . . . .

"Is that Jane in Gerald's boat? It is, Marty! See, she is waving to her sister. I never saw Jane . . . ."

"Well, I'll have to be going, George. I have to do some errands. So long," said Marty and walked hurriedly out to his car. He had seen Jane, and he felt that it was the last straw to see her with Gerald again—in a race that he had won. He drove home convinced that all girls are heartless.

As he was tramping across the spacious lawn to his summer home, a large, beautiful house of modern architecture, he met his sister, Joan. She was a tall, lovely girl with dark hair and big, brown eyes, and also his 'older' sister—much addicted to kidding him about Jane.

"Well, what's the matter with you, Romeo? I saw you sailing with your Juliet a while ago, but I didn't see you bring her back. I hope you didn't drown her," she said in a mock serious tone while engaged in pulling his ear.

"Please don't, Sis. There's nothing the matter with me. Can't a fellow feel the way he wants to?"

With these words he left her standing gaping at him, and went straight to his room. There he slumped down in a chair and stared vacantly around at nothing at all. Suddenly his look changed. He had caught sight of a yachting magazine open on a table. Walking across the room, he picked it up to be confronted with a picture of a Q boat in racing trim. Underneath the photograph were the words "For Sale," and a brief description of the boat and the terms of sale. After reading this over carefully, Marty set the magazine down, and started to pace the floor in mounting excitement. "Why not," he asked himself, and with a muttered, "I'll show 'em," he reached for a cap and quitted the house as if the Devil were on his trail.

A short time later a rakish roadster pulled up in front of a large office building in New York City, and our young Marty jumped out in a tearing hurry. He made a bee line for the entrance to the building and was whirled up to his father's office, far above the street. After a brief conversation with his doting parent, whose last words were, "Go to it, son, and I'll back you," Marty leaped into his roadster and roared back to Long Island. When he arrived home, he again met Joan who demanded the cause of his excitement. In as few words as possible he told her that he was leaving for Marblehead right away to buy and sail back a new Q boat in time for the coming races. As he explained, his sister looked at him at first with astonishment and later with delight. When he had finished speaking, she threw her arms around him and hugged him tight. "Oh, Marty! Marty!" she cried, "I knew you had it in you. Now go to Marblehead and come back and win. I knew something was the matter with you and Jane."

"Say, Sis, will you have me entered in the final race? I will have just two days to sail the boat back. Enter it under the name of Dark Horse."

"But, Marty, don't go too fast. Who are you going to have for a crew?"

"Would you be one of the honored? And, Oh, get your friend, Jack. He can sail, can't he? Three of us ought to be able to get by."

Marty did not see Jane before he left for Marblehead. Immediately upon his arrival at the little yachting town the next morning, he bought the boat and saw it launched. After this important procedure he went to the Corinthian Yacht Club for the double purpose of dinner and a crew to help him sail his boat back. There he met two college chums who, when they heard his story and found he needed a crew of three, agreed joyously to help him so long as they could get back in three days for their own races.

The Dark Horse, Marty's new possession, was a large boat with sloop rig It had a large cabin with bunks for five and also a small galley. There were two suits of sails and also two spinnakers of different sizes. It was painted a glistening black and had a green water line. Everything about the boat was in perfect condition.

His two friends rounded up another fellow in quick time and the four set sail at two o'clock that afternoon, a Friday. Marty's race was to start Sunday morning at eleven. They made good time until they reached the Cape Cod canal, Friday night at midnight. Trouble came when trying to find someone to tow them through the canal. At about half past one, Saturday morning, Marty managed to secure a tow for an exorbitant amount. You know, all Cape Codders like their sleep and are very disagreeable when asked to give up some of it. As a final straw, the tide was against them when they entered and when nearing the end.

They sailed all day Saturday, taking turns sleeping. Marty did not miss an opportunity to find out the points of his new boat. When they reached Long Island that night, just after supper time, Marty knew his boat perfectly. Its only major fault was that he could not make it point into the wind as much as he would like.

Joan was on the yacht club pier when he arrived. She was speechless with joy. A great deal of fuss was made over the boat and Joan had to inspect every inch of the Dark Horse. Marty's first words, after Joan had calmed down, were, "Have you seen Jane?"

"She went to the show with Gerald tonight," replied Joan, trying to avoid saying she had seen her. Then seeing the look of despair in her brother's eyes she said, "I wouldn't think about it now, Marty. Forget about it until after the race. You say the boat doesn't point into the wind as much as it should. We have two hours. Why not go down and see Captain Joe?"

"Good idea, Sis. Let's go," said Marty, taking hold of his sister's arm and pulling her down the beach.

Captain Joe, an old sea captain, was a very good friend of Marty's father. When Marty and Joan came up to his little cottage on the waterfront, where he sat on his

piazza splicing a rope, he roared, "Well, children, what can I do for ye," and spat copiously over the railing.

"My new boat won't head into the wind enough, Captain," said Marty with a smile.

Captain Joe looked across the water at the sinking sun and again spat copiously over the railing. Then, wiping his chin with the back of his hand, he asked, "Ye race tomorrer, don't ye? I thought so. Well, ye'll only have time to move yer jib up 'bout a foot. That'll help sum."

"Thank you, Captain Joe. We can do it tonight." replied Joan and waved goodbye to the old Captain.

Marty and Joan finished their job before dark, and both were well pleased with their work. The three Marblehead yachtsmen left Saturday night. The new yacht owner, after he had stopped thinking about Jane, slept well, and was up early the next morning. After breakfast he went down to his boat and put it in trim for the race. At ten o'clock he left his boat to take home all the extra things he didn't need. As he was driving from the yard of the yacht club, Gerald came up to the side of his car.

'I see you have a new boat, Barres. Do you think you will be able to take the cup away from me today?"

"I know it," Marty said quietly. "We'll see who knows how to sail in about an hour."

"I'll bet you a thousand I come in first. Is it a bet?"

"It's a bet," replied Marty and drove out of the yard.

A few minutes later Gerald walked out on the pier. When he reached the Dark Horse he looked around to see if he was being watched. Stepping aboard the boat he took out his pocket knife and cut the sheet halfway through.

"Hello! What are you doing on this boat, Mr. Howe?" Joan asked poking her tousled head out of the cabin.

"Oh, I—I—I was just looking over the boat. Looks like a fast one. Marty told me to have a look at her," Gerry muttered trying very hard not to look guilty and blushing to the roots of his hair.

"My brother told you to look over this boat," Joan asked incredulously.

"Yes. I've got to get ready now. It's pretty near time for the first gun," said Gerald, and left almost at a run.

"Something funny about that bird," Joan thought staring after Gerald.

At twenty minutes past ten Marty, Joan, and Jack Gilmore, one of Joan's many admirers, hoisted the mainsail and balloon jib. It was almost time for the first gun. Marty looked nervous and he had a right to be. He knew he would have to win to make Jane marry him, and to win his bet. If he lost Gerry would make him the laughing stock of the yacht club—and he would probably never be able to speak to Jane again.

Every other Q boat had a crew of four. Marty had asked Joan to try to get another fellow to help them, but when he asked her about it she evaded him The first gun went off at five minutes to eleven, just as Marty had decided to go back to shore to secure another man for his crew. They had just five minutes to creep up on the starting line. If they crossed the line before the last gun, they would have to start over. But the Captain of the Dark Horse knew it was better to be a little late than to lose time by a false start.

The last gun! Gerald's Gray Gull was just two lengths ahead of the Dark Horse.

"Tighten the jib halyard. Raise the peak a little further. That's enough. Now up with the topsail," commanded the skipper of the Dark Horse. The course was seven miles long in the shape of a square. The first buoy was a mile and a half from the starting line. The distance from the first to the second buoy was about three quarters of a mile, and from the second to the third was a mile. The last buoy was three and three quarters miles from the finish.

"Joan, we are going to have a tough time with only three to run this boat. Why didn't you go ashore this morning, before the first gun and get someone when I asked you," said Marty reproachfully.

"I wouldn't get angry, Marty," said a sweet voice.

The skipper lowered his eyes from the main sheet.

"Jane! How in 'Sam Hill' did you get on board?"

"I shanghied her when you took home the extra sails and things," said Joan. "Now do you see why I didn't want another member for the crew?"

But Marty ignored her explanation and turned to the stowaway.

"But I thought you were through with me, Jane? At least until I had got down to business and done something."

"I had to do something to make you wake up, dear, and I decided that jealousy was the best way."

"Chuck the love element, and let's show that horse collar who we are," said Jack. "Point her up more, Marty; you've been paying too much attention to Jane."

A few minutes later the Dark Horse reached the first buoy. "Hard-a-lee," shouted the skipper, and his boat headed into the wind. As the wind caught her sail again there was a snap, and the sheet parted near the boom. The boom swung out over the water. Marty bewildered, but knowing what he was doing, shouted, "Hold on tight and duck your heads." With these words he shoved the wheel toward the sail to help lessen the shock of the boat swinging into the wind.

"The sheet has broken," cried Marty with a muttered curse. This might mean the race. "Here, take the wheel, Jane."

Jack slipped the rope off the cleat and handed it to Marty who tied it to the boom. The sails flapping and the boat pitching made it hard for him to reeve the rope through the pulleys again. In a few moments it was done, however, and once more the Dark Horse rounded the first buoy—now last of the twenty-one boats.

"Gray Gull rounding the next buoy about four lengths ahead," called back Jane, who was tightening the jib. "The boat heads up into the wind quite a bit, doesn't it Jack?"

"It ought to. Joan and Marty moved the jib up some last night. I think it points more than Gerry's," answered Jack.

During the few minutes that she was not busy tending sail Joan spoke to the Captain.

Marty, I think Gerry cut that rope. I know it is not a nice thought, but . . . ."

"I didn't know it was cut. I thought it was worn through," said Marty, with surprise.

"No, it didn't break. I have just looked at it. It has been cut half through. Gerald came aboard after you left here this morning and said you told him to look at the boat."

"I didn't tell him anything of the sort, the dirty rat," Marty exclaimed, and turned his attention to the boat.

Gradually the Dark Horse crept up on the Gray Gull. When almost to the last buoy Marty let Jane take the tiller while he and Jack made ready the spinnaker, for their last chance would come after this buoy. At the buoy the Dark Horse and the Gray Gull were side by side. Gerry cut sharp trying to make Marty turn into the wind so that the Dark Horse would lose at least a few yards, but Marty kept straight on with his thumb to his nose. The Captain of the Dark Horse knew that Gerald would

be disqualified if there were a collision. Gerry was forced to turn into the wind and lost fifty yards.

The Dark Horse kept the lead until after it had crossed the finish line. Marty had set his largest spinnaker and, sailing wing and wing, the Dark Horse looked like some dark-bodied bird with great white wings spread.

Just as they crossed the line Jane looked at Marty and breathed, "You've won!"

Marty looked at her and said, "No, I haven't won. We've won."

Jane laughed saying in a low voice, "Lindbergh."

After mooring the boat Jane and Marty slipped away from the excited crowd. Just as they thought they had escaped everyone, a hand touched Marty's arm. He wheeled around and was confronted by Gerald. With a sardonic smile Gerald tendered him a check for a thousand dollars. "Our bet," he said and started to walk rapidly away. He had not gone ten paces before Marty caught up to him. Gerry turned around and his face was so dejected that Marty paused in what he was about to say, and started to turn away. Howe's voice stopped him. "Marty, I've got to tell you that in a fit of jealousy I cut your sheet. I'm sorry."

Marty paused amazed. Could this be his life long enemy, Gerald Howe, apologizing? He turned around impulsively saying, "All right, Gerry, old man. Just forget it. We all make 'boners' sometimes."

"I hope you and Jane have lots of happiness," Gerald said, and walked away.

Our hero paused and smiled, then he rejoined Jane who was sitting in his car. They drove out into the country without saying a word to each other. Marty looked down at the beautiful little form, snuggled close to him. The wind made her hair fluffy and the sun sparkling on it looked like little pieces of fire.

"What was your reason for naming the boat Dark Horse," Jane asked looking up suddenly.

"I didn't have much of a reason. Do you remember our little talk on the Sound? When you jumped overboard and swam to Gerry's boat? Well, that set me thinking. I knew I would probably lose you if I didn't do something to show my worth. And so I bought the boat. A dark horse is usually lucky, and nobody knew what the boat or I was capable of in the way of racing."

"Well, you certainly showed them . . . .and me," Jane murmured softly.

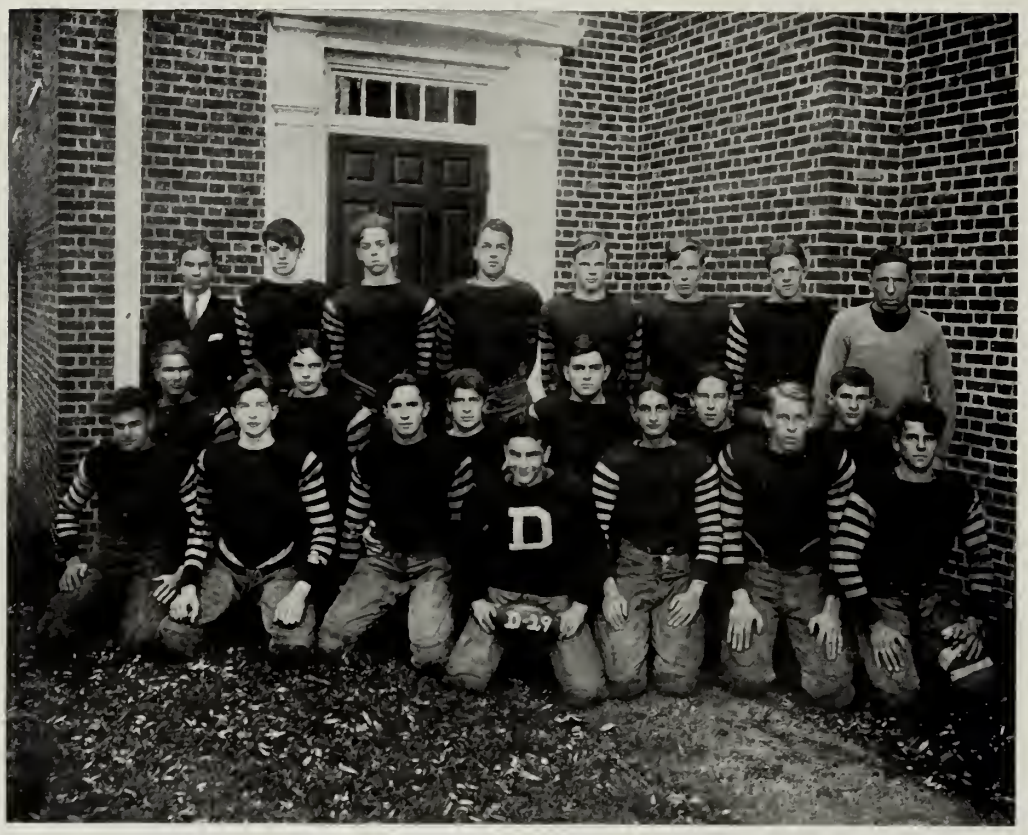
Marty looked at her. "Listen, Lardhead," he said, "have I showed you enough to make you take a chance on me?"

He tilted her head so that he could look into her eyes. In them he read his answer . . . . . .and they were alone in their happiness.

# Athletics

CAPTAINS

| | |
|---|---|
| Edgar Best | Basketball Golf |
| Carl H. Padover | Football |
| Edward F. Robinson | Baseball |
| Richard Hosmer | Hockey, Tennis |




## FOOTBALL

Carl H. Padover ..... Captain
Mr. Marshall S. Shearer ..... Coach
Ernst Krippendorf ..... Manager
Carl H. Padover ..... Captain-Elect

## THE TEAM

Standing—Krippendorf, Capron, Walker, Chase, Buechner, Eaton, Hosmer, Mr Shearer.
Kneeling—Perkins, Bell, Dawson, Underhill, Davis, Hessian, Padover, Root, Thelen, Robinson. Martin, Ray, Craig.

## FOOTBALL

ACCORDING to the law of averages every team must have an off year once in so often. The football team suffered theirs this year. Due to vacancies caused by graduation and injuries the football team had to be rebuilt of green and light material.

When the football candidates reported this year Coach Shearer was presented with a sorry sight. There were three veterans reporting who were Brown, Craig and Captain Padover. Brown was injured in the first game and was lost to the team for the rest of the season, and so Padover and Craig, the lightest men on last year's varsity, were the sole men remaining for a neucleus. Coach Shearer was assisted in his work by Larry Kenny, captain of the Dummer eleven of 1925, who generously gave his time to help develop a team.

The first game of the season was with Essex Agricultural School and the unprepared Dummer team took a 35-0 defeat. The next week the team rose and defeated Haverhill Reserves 7-6. The next two contests found this green team against such powerful outfits as Country Day and St. Marks and large scores were run up against the Red and White. The Woodbury game, which was lost 19-6, was the most disappointing contest of the season, for Coach Shearer had expected to win by a fair margin.

In the final and important game of the season at Sanborn Seminary, the Red and White showed signs of potential power and strength and held the big Blue team to a 26-0 score, although the papers freely predicted at least a 60-0 score in Sanborn's favor.

During the season the boys showed a willingness to get in and fight that bodes fair for next year's team. There will be many lettermen back to play on next year's eleven and with the knowledge and experience they obtained this year they should have a far more successful season.

Captain Padover on the line and Quarterback Hosmer were the outstanding players on the team this year. Padover will return next year with Craig, Hessian, Davis, Root, Underhill, and Dawson in the line, and Eaton and Buechner in the backfield. These veterans along with members of Mr. Reagan's undefeated Junior team should form a powerful aggregation. We wish Captain-re-elect Padover the best of luck for a good season.

J. M. C. '30

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dummer | 0 | Essex Aggies | 35 |
| Dummer | 7 | Haverhill Reserves | 6 |
| Dummer | 0 | Country Day School | 70 |
| Dummer | 6 | Woodbury High | 19 |
| Dummer | 0 | St. Marks School | 68 |
| Dummer | 0 | Sanborn Seminary | 26 |
| Dummer | 13 | Opponents | 224 |

BASEBALL

Edward F. Robinson ..... Captain
Mr. Francis J. Reagan ..... Coach
Frank Merrill ..... Manager

THE TEAM

Back Row—Coach Reagan, Wilson, McKenzie, R. Thelen, Martin, O. Thelen, Padover, Bell, Eaton, Merrill, Manager.
Front Row—Best, Rae, Hosmer, Robinson, Walker, Dawson.

## BASEBALL

SIX lettermen answered Coach Reagan's call to arms shortly after the spring recess. Of these, four were regulars on last year's successful nine, and one had been a regular on the team of '26. The outlook for a successful season was dim indeed since the places left open at second base and behind the bat by Wally Temple

and Norman Smith seemed hard to fill. There appeared to be little hitting strength in the lineup also.

For a pitching staff Coach Reagan had Captain Robinson and Wilson, a southpaw, to build on. Both of these men have seen service on the mound for Dummer and both have lived up to expectations. "Dolly" Dawson has taken up "Smitties" burden behind the bat and his powerful throwing arm and timely hitting have been important factors in the success of the team. Fewer bases have been stolen this year than in any recent season. Hosmer and McKenzie have been playing in their old positions at first and short respectively, while Best at second and Robinsin at third, when he is not pitching, rounds out the infield.

The outfield is composed of Walker, who roams center, and who is flanked by either Rae, Bell, Martin, or Eaton.

The team opened its season by dropping a hard fought game to Groton School and followed this up with victories over Manchester and Country Day Roxbury Latin and Ipswich were the only teams to down the Red and White in the remaining six games. There are two more games to be played at the present writing. The team is especially anxious to avenge its defeat at the hands of Ipswich. We wish to extend to Mr. Reagan our heartiest congratulations on his success in turning out a team which has risen far above all predictions.

R. H. '30

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| April 16—Dummer | 6 | Groton | 8 |
| April 19—Dummer | 7 | Manchester | 2 |
| April 23—Dummer | 11 | Country Day | 10 |
| May 3—Dummer | 9 | Roxbury Latin | 4 |
| May 8—Dummer | 9 | Delta Tua Delta, Tufts | 3 |
| May 10—Dummer | 19 | Traip Acadmy | 2 |
| May 14—Dummer | 12 | Traip Acadmy | 7 |
| May 21—Dummer | 4 | Manning High | 6 |
| May 23—Dummer | 5 | Rivers | 2 |
| May 29—Dummer | 4 | Hampton Academy | 2 |
| June 6—Dummer | 9 | Manning High | 5 |

BASKETBALL

Edgar Best ..... Captain
Mr. F. J. Reagan ..... Coach
Reinhart Thelen ..... Manager

THE TEAM

Standing—Mr. Reagan, Wilson, R. Craig, Thelen.
Seated—Bell, McKenzie, Best, Walker, Dawson.

BASKETBALL

COACH Reagan was well satisfied with the basketball material which reported to him at the beginning of the second term. Since the squad had a whole month in which to get in shape for their first game, the prospects of a successful season were bright indeed. Five lettermen reported with the squad. They were Captain

Best, Wilson, Walker, Don Craig, and Bell. Among the most promising new comers to report were Dawson, McKenzie, and Ralph Craig.

The chief handicap which the team had to contend with was its size. Walker and Dawson being the only tall men in the starting lineup. The small forwards were, however, able to offset this disadvantage by clever passing.

The month's training which the team had before its first game did not work out as expected, for while the squad was holding practice sessions with no stiff opposition, its future opponents were well in their schedule by the time Dummer met them.

Essex Aggies was the team's first opponent and since the "farmers" were well in the middle of their schedule and Dummer was just beginning theirs, the visitors won easily. Haverhill Continuation School, Milton, Manchester, Sanborn, and Woodbury were the winner of the following five games.

With the Groveland game the team started its winning streak which carried them through their last three games successfully. Manchester was nosed out in the final minutes of a thrilling return game, and a greatly surprised Rivers team was defeated in the final game of the season.

Captain Best was the outstanding player on the team, scoring seventy points in the season and feeding his teammates for many more.

Mal Walker at center played great basketball and outjumped every opposing center. He was also valuable in breaking up opposing combinations and was the second high scorer with thirty-two points.

McKenzie did not join the team until mid-season but fitted into the scheme of things perfectly and played consistently good basketball. Bunny Wilson and Dawson gave a good account of themselves in the guard position, while Bell and Ralph Craig turned in some good relief work.

Next year's team will have to be completely rebuilt as Captain Best, Wilson, Walker, McKenzie, and Bell are expecting to graduate and the other two members, Dawson and Ralph Craig do not expect to return. With members of this year's successful Junior quintet coming up, however, the 1931 team should give a good account of itself. We wish Mr. Reagan the best of luck.

R. H. '30

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dummer 9 | Essex Aggies | 31 |
| Dummer 14 | Haverhill Continuation | 20 |
| Dummer 9 | Milton Academy | 28 |
| Dummer 19 | Manchester High | 21 |
| Dummer 10 | Sanborn Seminary | 38 |
| Dummer 18 | Woodbury High | 24 |
| Dummer 39 | Groveland High | 11 |
| Dummer 28 | Manchester High | 24 |
| Dummer 25 | Rivers School | 23 |
| Dummer 171 | Opponents | 220 |

HOCKEY

Richard Hosmer ..... Captain
Mr. W. J. Farrell ..... Coach
George Clapp ..... Manager

THE TEAM

Standing—Mr. Farrell, Best, Buechner, Robinson, Randall, Clapp.
Seated—McKenzie, Wilson, Hosmer, Rae, Eaton.

HOCKEY

WHEN Coach Farrell issued the call for hockey candidates about twelve men reported, among whom were five lettermen of last year's sextet and several promising newcomers. The prospects for a successful season appeared to be very good. Due to the weather conditions, however, early practice was impossible, and the team went into its first game practically unorganized.

In the opener with Hampton Academy Dummer lost 1-0 although they completely outplayed the visitors and showed great promise. In the next game, however, our team was clearly outplayed by Wakefield High and lost 2-1. Following this defeat the puck-chasers played Haverhill High in the objective game of the season at the Haverhill Winter Carnival. This game proved to be the turning point of the season and Dummer completely outclassed Haverhill and defeated them to the tune of 4-0. The next week the team travelled to Brookline and lost to Rivers School 1-0. The game was hard fought and cleanly played throughout, but the Red and White could not seem to make its passes click. After this defeat Dummer began its scoring spree which proved disastrous to the opponents. Essex Aggies was defeated 6-1, Ipswich 4-1, Amesbury 6-0, and in the final game the team defeated Hampton 3-0, thus avenging the defeat suffered earlier in the season by the same team.

Although the boys got off to a poor start, they proved to be the most powerful group of skaters that has ever represented Dummer. They piled up a total of twenty-four goals to their opponents six, which shows the tremendous scoring power which the team possessed. There were no stars on the team but every one combined to form a smooth working unit. Every player was indispensable and everyone did his part.

The work of Captain Dick Hosmer and "Bunny" Wilson on the defense was excellent. Hosmer, who was re-elected captain last year lived up to the trust the players placed in him. Both his offensive and defensive playing were worthy of a captain. He and Best were the high scorers of the season with eight goals and two assists to their credit.

The forward line of Rae, Best, and McKenzie proved to be a perfect unit with great capabilities. Rae, who played for New Prep last year, turned in a fine performance at left wing, as did McKenzie on right wing. Best at center had a great year with his checking back and hard shooting.

Sam Eaton lived up to his reputation in the net and proved to be a veritable "Rock of Gibraltar" as he saved many shots which were "labeled." Fred Robinson was the most capable reserve and turned in many good performances.

The prospects for next season's sextet are not very bright at present, as of the seven lettermen of this year, Captain Hosmer, Best, McKenzie, Wilson, Rae, and Robinson expect to graduate this June.

Much of the team's fine showing is due to Coach Farrell who developed the team work without which the team would have been a poor offensive unit.

M. S. W. '30

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dummer | 0 | Hampton | 1 |
| Dummer | 1 | Wakefield | 2 |
| Dummer | 4 | Haverhill | 0 |
| Dummer | 0 | Rivers | 1 |
| Dummer | 6 | Essex Aggies | 1 |
| Dummer | 4 | Ipswich | 1 |
| Dummer | 6 | Amesbury | 0 |
| Dummer | 3 | Hampton | 0 |
| Dummer | 24 | Opponents | 6 |

## GOLF

THE Dummer Academy golf team started its season with four lettermen and a fifth member who had had experience in match play. Captain Edgar Best played number two man, ''Bunny" Wilson played number one. McKenzie played three, Eaton four, and Rae, the new comer, number five. All five members of the team were also out for baseball and hence found little time to practice golf.

The first match with Exeter found Dummer unprepared to give battle to so formidable an opponent and the result was a 7-0 victory for Exeter. The next match was played with Andover and the Red and White came through with a victory, which was very welcome after the defeats the team has received at the hands of Andover in past years. Mort Rae was the hero of this match as his victory on the final hole broke the deadlock in Dummer's favor.

The Thayer match was a disappointment as they had hoped to take the Braintree quintet. Their hopes were shattered, however, when the visitors shifted their lineup and played their number one man in the third position and their third man in the first position.

The last two matches of the season were with Manchester, Mass. High, and were both Dummer victories.

The members of the team wish to express their deep thanks to Mr. Skerrye whose coaching and management made possible their good showing. Had the team been able to find more time from baseball in which to practice, we feel sure that they would have been undefeated.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dummer | 0 | Exeter | 7 |
| Dummer | 4 | Andover | 3 |
| Dummer | 3 | Thayer | 4 |
| Dummer | 6 | Manchester | 0 |
| Dummer | 5 | Manchester | 2 |

## TENNIS

ONLY two men returned from last year's tennis team. Captain Hosmer, who played number one last year, and Dawson, last year's number three man. The new men on the squad were Capron, number two, George Davis, number three, and Don Craig, number five, Hosmer again playing number one and Dawson played number four.

The first match found the team unprepared to give battle to St. Johns and the latter won by a 5-1 score. The next match was with Thayer and resulted in another defeat for Dummer. Other matches were scheduled but were cancelled because of rain.

With proper practice, which was prevented this year by the weather and baseball, we feel sure the team would have emerged with a much more satisfactory record.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dummer | 1 | St. Johns | 5 |
| Dummer | 1 | Thayer | 5 |

## JUNIOR ATHLETICS

The Junior teams in football, basketball, and baseball have been the best in recent years. The football and basketball teams went through their seasons with a clean slate and the baseball team has lost but two games.

## FOOTBALL

THE Junior football team of 1929 did what no other Junior team had been able to do for two years; namely, win some games. Mr. Reagan had few veterans to work with, but soon built up an outfit which ranks second only to the Junior team of 1926. The team was undefeated, although they were held to three ties.

The opening game was played with Currier School of Newburyport and resulted in a scoreless tie.

The next two games also resulted in ties. Jackman was held 6-6, and Manning High Freshmen were held scoreless.

The final games of the season were played with Manning High and both were won by Dummer.

The stars of the team were Feldman, who starred on the defense as well as the offense. Huxtable, Baldwin, Adams, and Mollica. Much credit is due Mr. Reagan for turning out such a successful team and we feel sure that the varsity teams of future years will benefit by the football he has taught this year's Junior team.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dummer | 0 | Currier | 0 |
| Dummer | 6 | Jackman | 6 |
| Dummer | 0 | Manning | 0 |
| Dummer | 7 | Manning | 0 |
| Dummer | 6 | Manning | 0 |
| Dummer | 19 | Opponents | 6 |

## BASEBALL

THE Junior baseball squad which reported to Coach Peterson at the beginning of the season caused many worries to those interested in the athletic record of Junior teams this year. Few of the boys had had any experience at baseball before, but they all possessed a will to learn.

After a week's intensive training, the squad was already for its opening game with Byfield and emerged from a hard fought battle with a 4-3 verdict. Currier was the next victim to Jimmie Huxtable's curves and Dummer, aided by the slugging of Feldman, was again the winner. The next two games were played with Rowley Grammar School and both times the Red and White was on the losing end. The final two games were played with Currier and Byfield with the same results as before.

Captain Jimmie Huxtable was the outstanding star of the team and is promising material for the Varsity in future years. Mollica, Feldman, and Pillsbury also played well.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dummer | 4 | Byfield | 3 |
| Dummer | 9 | Currier | 8 |
| Dummer | 0 | Rowley | 5 |
| Dummer | 4 | Rowley | 12 |
| Dummer | 6 | Currier | 3 |
| Dummer | 12 | Byfield | 3 |
| Dummer | 35 | Opponents | 34 |

## BASKETBALL

THE Junior basketball team went through its season with a clean slate and brought promises of supplying future varsity squads with valuable material. The team was coached by Mr. Reagan who gave a great deal of his time for this purpose and received very gratifying results.

The opening game found Dummer stacked up against the Newburyport Continentals and, although they had difficulty in locating the basket they emerged victorious in their first encounter. Following this victory North Shore Country Day school was swamped 17-3 and Salisbury Grammar School was shut out 21-0.

The next two games were played with the Haverhill Universalist Choir quintet and resulted in victories for Dummer after the most interesting and hard fought games of the year. A full gym witnessed both contests and the cheering was equal to that in a Varsity game.

Jackman School and Currier were defeated in the final games of the season.

The outstanding star of the team was Capt. Fernandez. His brilliant dribbling and accurate shooting were the main causes of his team's success, although the aid given him by his teammates was indispensable. Randall, Mollica, and Baldwin were responsible for many points while Buechner, Adams, Hessian, and Nason played superbly on the defense.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dummer | 21 | Continentals | 14 |
| Dummer | 17 | Country Day | 3 |
| Dummer | 21 | Salisbury Grammar School | 0 |
| Dummer | 20 | Haverhill | 16 |
| Dummer | 12 | Haverhill | 11 |
| Dummer | 23 | Jackman | 15 |
| Dummer | 27 | Currier | 15 |
| Dummer | 141 | Opponents | 74 |

## OUR LETTERMEN

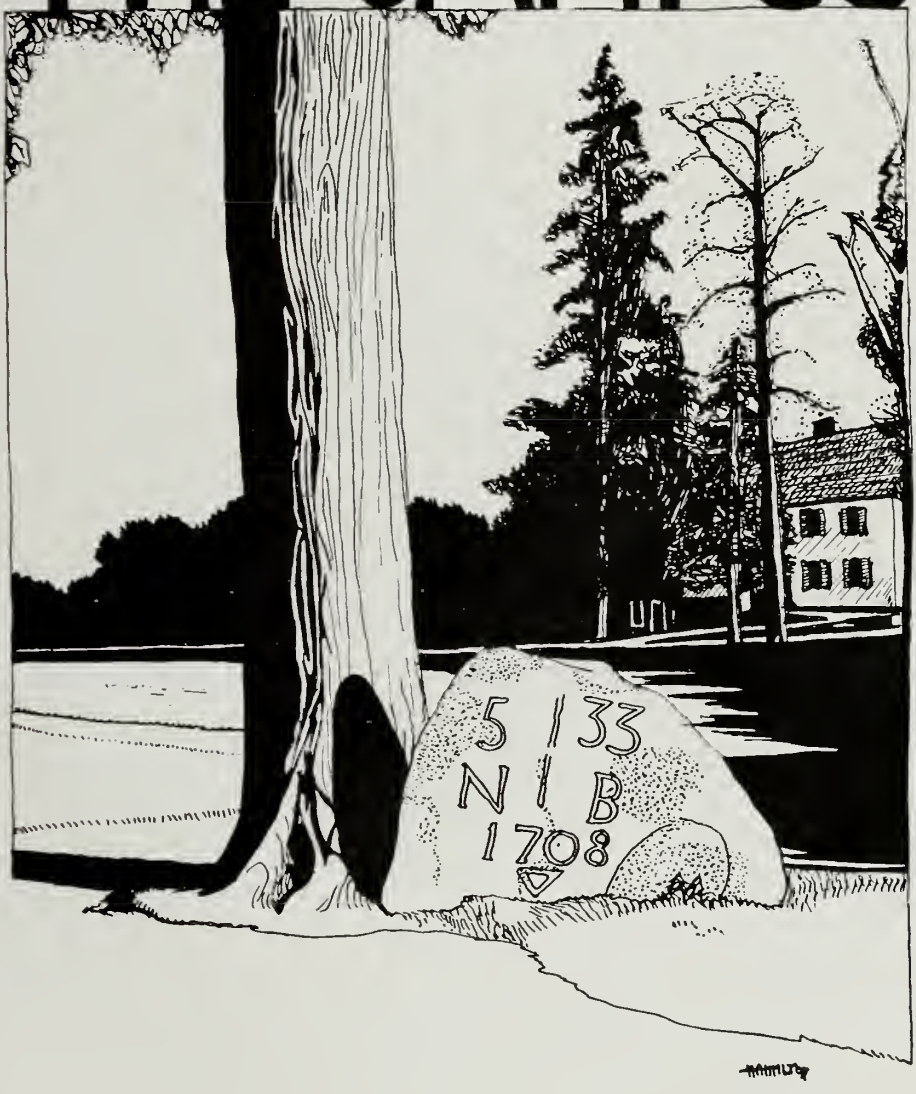
| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Eaton | 4 | Robinson | 2 |
| Bell | 3 | Buechner | 1 |
| Best | 3 | Capron | 1 |
| Dawson | 3 | Craig, R | 1 |
| Hosmer | 3 | Davis, W | 1 |
| McKenzie | 3 | Hessian | 1 |
| Walker | 3 | Padover | 1 |
| Wilson | 3 | Perkins | 1 |
| Craig, D | 2 | Root | 1 |
| Martin | 2 | Thelen | 1 |
| Rae | 2 | Underhill | 1 |

## OUR MANAGERS

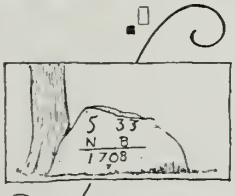
| | |
|---|---|
| Clapp | Hockey |
| Krippendorf | Football |
| Merrill | Baseball |
| Thelen, R | Basketball |

INTERIOR OF THE LANG GYMNASIUM

# THE CAMPUS



DUMMER ACADEMY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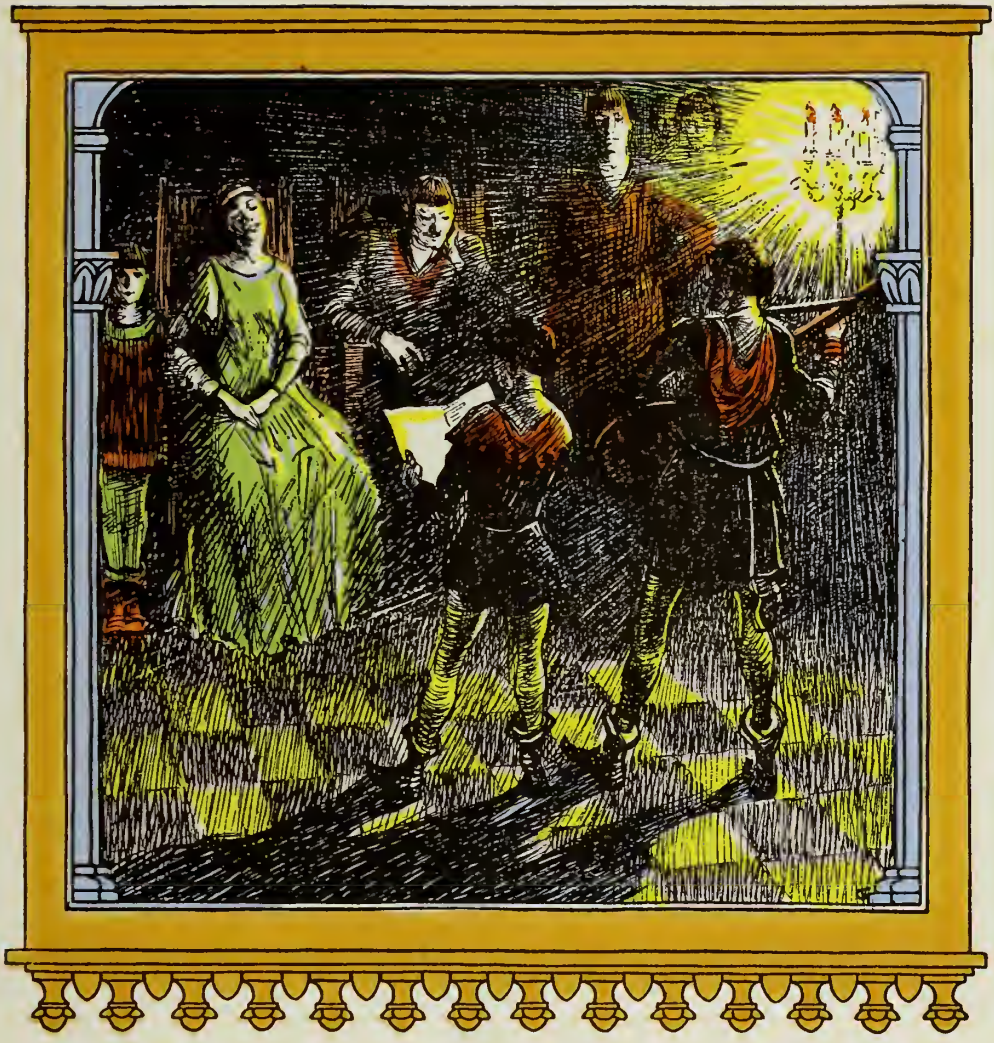
FLAG POLE

MILESTONE BOARD

Standing—Rae, Walker, Thelen

Seated—Capron, Hosmer, Bell



# Activities

## MILESTONE DANCE

ON April 12 the Milestone Board gave a dance in the Lang Gym to raise money for the Milestone. The dance committee was composed of Kenny Bell and Dick Hosmer. The dance was very successful in every way as the music was good, many couples were present, and everyone had a good time.

Many graduates and friends of the school came up for the affair. These together with a generous turnout from the school itself filled the gym.

The music was furnished by Art Fuller's orchestra and refreshments were served at the intermission. The Milestone Board wishes to thank the boys in the lower classes who helped to decorate the gym.

ARCHON BOARD

Standing—Capron, Chase, Almeyda
Seated—Hosmer, Mr. Farrell, Bell

## THE ARCHON, PAST AND PRESENT

IN 1897 a school paper entitled the "Dummer News" made its appearance at Dummer. This paper was the forerunner of the present "Archon" and did not differ greatly from it. This news sheet was published more or less regularly until 1905, when either enthusiasm waned or no faculty advisor could be found to sponsor the paper. In 1912 the Dummer "Archon," a tri-yearly magazine appeared. In this magazine were a few stories, athletic write-ups, school events, alumni notes and a few jokes. This form of publication continued until 1922, when no method of financing the paper was found.

In 1924 the "Archon" was revived, and since then has been issued regularly twelve times a year. The main idea of the paper is to keep the Alumni informed of the school and the school of the Alumni. The members of the Board wish to extend their thanks to Mr. Farrell and Mr. Jarvis for their indispensable assistance.

| | |
|---|---|
| Editor-in-Chief | Richard Hosmer '30 |
| Associate Editor | John M. Capron '30 |
| Circulation Editor | Charles S. Chase '31 |
| Business Manager | Kenneth C. Bell '30 |
| Assistant Business Manager | Edwardo R. Almeyda '30 |
| Faculty Advisor | Mr. Walter J. Farrell |

JUNIOR PROM COMMITTEE

Standing—Hessian, Dawson, Eaton

Seated—R. Craig, D. Craig, R. Thelen

## JUNIOR PROMENADE

THE chief social function of the year, the Junior Promenade, was held in the Lang gymnasium on Saturday, May 17. The gymnasium was artistically decorated with black and white streamers and the lighting effects were new and extremely good. The music was furnished by Jack Calderwood's orchestra which was placed in front of a specially constructed background which had a large Old English D and the class numerals on it in white letters.

A spotlight, which was placed in the balcony, gave an added bit of beauty to the affair.

During the tenth dance a shower of balloons and confetti fell upon the dancers and tin horns and streamers were passed out.

Favors were also given out during this dance. They were very attractive combination compacts and cigarette cases.

The patronesses were Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Farrell, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Prothero, Miss Cock, Mrs. Reagan, and Miss Brown.

## FOOTBALL BANQUET

THE annual football banquet was held on Dec. 7, and was followed by a dance in the Lang Gym. Some of the members of the varsity team brought young ladies as their guests.

Dr. Ingham was the toastmaster and introduced the following speakers: Mr. Shearer, Varsity coach; Mr. Reagan, coach of the Juniors; Mr. Farrell, faculty manager of athletics; "Larry" Kenny, assistant coach of the Varsity; Captain Carl Padover of the Varsity; and James Huxtable, Captain of the Junior team. Mr. Skerrye also helped the evening in its course by reading some fictitious telegrams. Dr. Ingham then asked a number of boys to rise while he read the titles of appropriate speeches for them.

In his speech Mr. Farrell spoke on the trials and tribulations of a faculty manager and the great difficulty he had encountered in scheduling games satisfactorily to everyone.

Mr. Reagan then took the floor and awarded the letters to the Junior team which went through their season without meeting defeat, and bestowed his praise on them for their good work. Following this Captain "Jimmy" Huxtable presented a silver cigarette case to the coach who had been responsible for their victories and expressed his appreciation thereof.

Coach Shearer in his speech thanked the team, the faculty, and the student body for their cooperation during the season. He gave no alibi for the poor showing of the team but wished them the best of luck for the following year. He then awarded to the Varsity their letters with a few appropriate words to each man. Captain Padover presented him with the team's gift, a pen and pencil set.

"Larry" Kenny, Dummer '26, who has been of great assistance to Coach Shearer this past fall, gave the final address of the evening.

Major D's were awarded to the following boys: Captain Carl Padover, of Brookline; Richard Hosmer, of Sharon; Win Perkins, of Topsfield; Don Craig, of Watertown; Willard Martin, of Manchester, N. H.; Malcolm Walker, of Waban; Harold Dawson, of Milton, N. H.; Kenneth Bell, of Waban; Ed Hessian, of Garden City, Long Island; Otto Thelen, of Lynn; Sam Eaton, of Wakefield; William Davis, of Portland, Me.; John Capron, of Annapolis, Md.; Henry Root, of Haverhill; Slayton Underhill, of Manchester, N. H.; Carl Buechner, of East Orange, N. J.; and Ernst Krip-

pendorf, manager, of Lynn. Second team letters were awarded to Charles Chase, of Haverhill; Russell Robinson, of Attleborough; and Weldon Ray of Newburyport.

Junior letters were awarded to the following: Captain James Huxtable, Adams, Ayers, Baldwin, Barrett, W. Buechner, A. Dodge, Dunlop, Feldman, Freeman, Hopkins, Kelley, Lougee, Mollica, Nason, Randall, Shepard, and Whittlesey.

After the banquet the students and their guests assembled in the gym for the football dance. Thanks to Cecil Kleeb and his following, the building was tastefully decorated, and with Ted Wright furnishing the music, the day's festivities were ended very enjoyably. Miss Brown served cider at the intermission.

## MINSTREL SHOW

ON Saturday night, March 15, the Dummer minstrels gave their annual performance before a large and appreciative audience. The Dummer talent was combined with some from Newburyport and the result was the best show in recent years.

The proceeds of the show went to help pay for the piano which is in Sargent Hall. About fifty dollars net profit was made.

The principals in the show were as follows: Mr. Reagan, Interlocutor; John Capron, Henry Root, Kenneth Bell, Charles Chase, Carl and William Buechner, end men; Nason, Baldwin, Shepard, Barrett, Root, and Mr. Prothero, soloists The outside help included Robert Fogg, of Newburyport, who sang a solo; Mrs. Mary Armstrong and Joseph White, and Godfrey Torrey and Adelaide Sherrill, all of Newburyport, who were in skits; and Arthur Sleight, of Topsfield, a former student, who sang a solo. The music was under the direction of Mr. Porrell.

After the show the floor was cleared and dancing was held with Ted Wright furnishing the music.

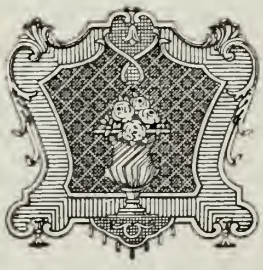
The show traveled to Byfield for its next performance when it appeared there on April 19 in a benefit for the Byfield Fire Department. The same cast performed with the exception of the outsiders, who were replaced by James Moynihan, who gave a whistling solo, Joseph Harrigan, and John Sullivan vocalists, all of Newburyport.

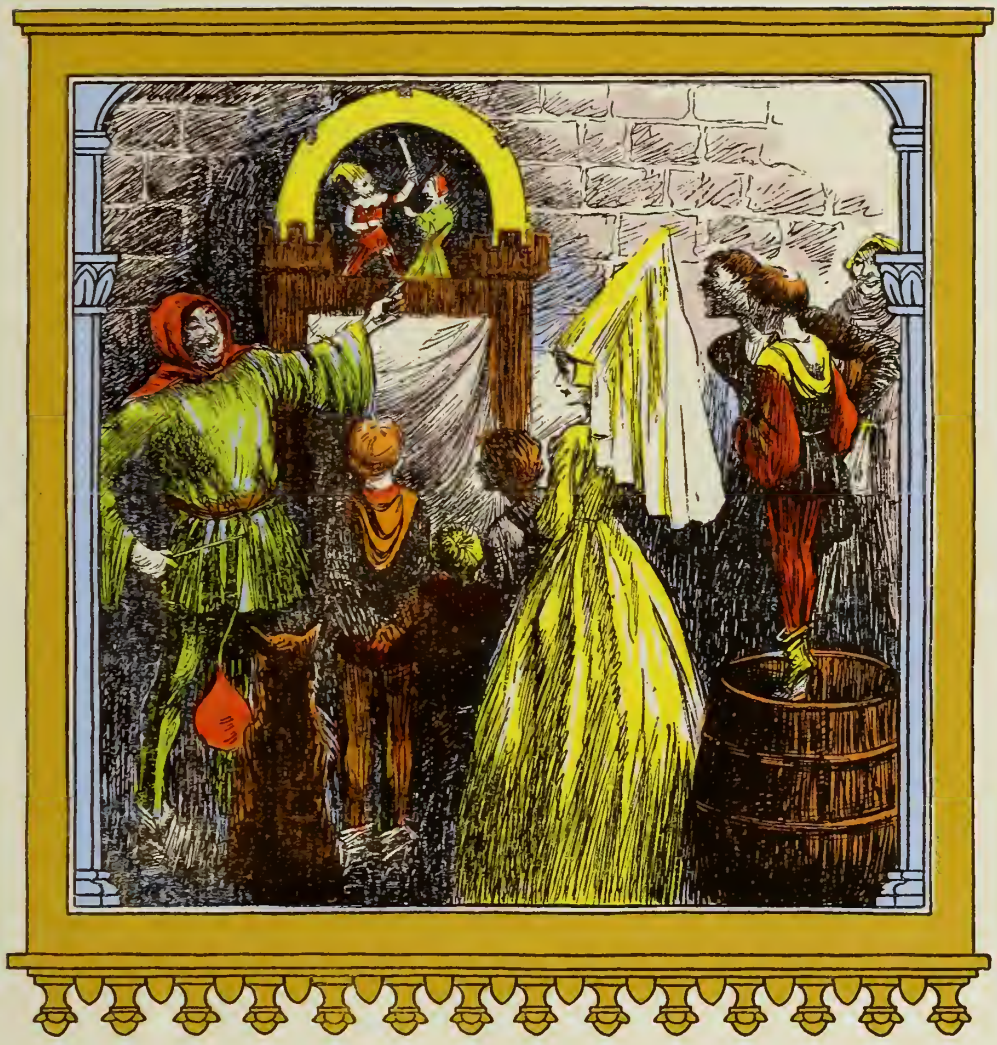
## SCHOOL ELECTIONS

| | |
|---|---|
| Handsomest Master | Mr. Peterson |
| Most Useful Master | Mr. Reagan |
| Best Teacher | Mr. Farrell |
| Most Popular Boy | Wilson |
| Handsomest Boy | Robinson |
| Best Dressed Boy | Wilson |
| Best Athlete | Wilson |
| Done Most For Dummer | Hosmer |
| Most Admired by the ladies | Robinson |
| Most Likely to Succeed | Bell |
| Done Most outside Athletics | Hosmer |
| Wittiest Boy | Wilson |

## CLASS ELECTIONS

| | |
|---|---|
| Pessimist | Best |
| Optimist | Thelen |
| Best Dancer | McKenzie |
| Grind | Robinson |
| Noisiest | Wilson |
| Sportiest | McKenzie |
| Smoothest | Rae |
| Class Bluffer | Walker |
| Class Blusher | Thelen |
| Class Wise Cracker | Ray |
| Chef | Best |
| Tightest | Bell |
| Woman Hater | McKenzie |
| Crabber | McKenzie |
| Cutest | Best |
| Class Devil | Best |
| Class Drag | Robinson |
| I Love Me | McKenzie |





A·d·s

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OF

Mr. and Mrs. David L. Dunlop

COMPLIMENTS
OF

Mr. and Mrs. David L. Dunlop

COMPLIMENTS
OF

*Mr. and Mrs. Andre Fernandez*

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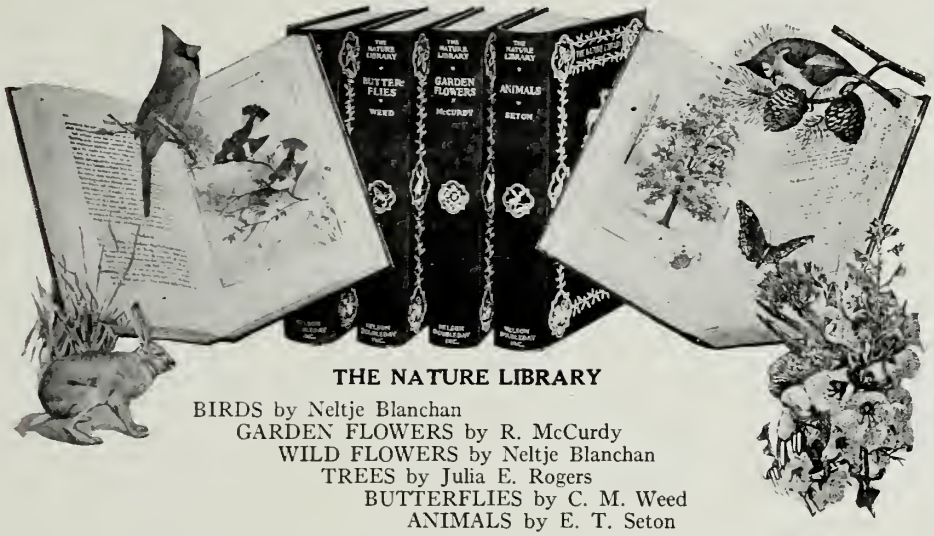


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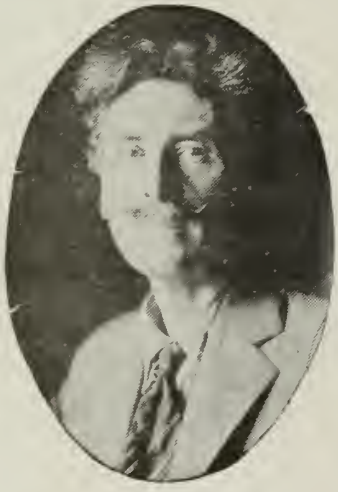

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